

A Dare and a Grand Return

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Summary: Janet goes into the Myers house on a dare and she runs into Michael Myers. Set ten years after Halloween Resurrection. Enjoy and Happy Halloween!

A Dare and a Grand Return

A/N- In honor of Halloween, both the movie and the holiday, I decided to go ahead and write this little one-shot. I own nothing but Janet.

It had been ten years since the failed broadcasting that had been set up in the old Myers house in Hannodfield, Illinois. Everyone was under the impression that the masked man, the Shape, had finally died. They thought that he had finally returned to the lowly pit from which his demon-spawned self had crawled from. The children of the small town once again went out to trick-or-treat without fear that they might be taken by the infamous killer. How many had died over the years before everyone was allowed to feel safe once again? How many had he killed?

These questions ran through Janet's head as she slowly made her way through the old Myers house. It had been a dare. Go into the Myers house, they said. It will be fun, they said. Well, Janet would not define fun as jumping out of her skin at the slightest creaks of the house. She knew that the masked man was long dead. There was no one that could harm her in this place, except for perhaps the stray hobo. As she entered what was once Judi's room, Janet came face to face with a hobo, but he could pose no threat to her as he was dead. He was hanged and was dangling from the ceiling. Etched into the man's exposed chest was a message: _Leave me alone. _

Janet screamed and ran from the room as fear overtook her. It was logical as to who had killed this defenseless man, and she really didn't want to run into the killer. Unfortunately, her scream had gained her some much unwanted attention. It wasn't as if the one who

lived in this broken down home wouldn't know what was happening in his abode. He stood waiting around the corner as Janet came running around it. There was no escape for her as she ran into his arms.

As she looked into the black eyes, the woman was unable to scream. She only looked into those emotionless eyes as he began carrying her away. There was no point for her to fight him. That would likely only anger him, which would result in a quicker death for her. At the very least, he was allowing her to live. He carried her under the home, into the sewers. Janet was deposited onto an old bed.

The killer simply walked away from her, never saying a word. Then again, he never said anything to anyone. Janet looked around only to find a note in her lap. She could make out the same scrawl that had been written into the hobo. How had he managed to write her a note while carrying her into this underground lair? Janet did not have the answer. With what dim light a few candles provided, she was just able to make out the message from her captor.

If you wish to live, you will stay here and never try to escape. Deviation from this offer would result in your demise. It is up to you. Your life is in your own hands. As for your friends, well, their deaths will remind this town just who they are dealing with. Happy Halloween.

Janet sobbed into her hands. It was going to be her fault that her friends would die. It would be her fault that the masked man returned to his "job" in this town. How many lives had just been endangered as a result of a stupid little dare?

Michael Myers was back and it would only be a matter of time until he hunted down his next target. Those who were unfortunate enough to get in his way would meet their end, just like all of the other fools who had tried to prevent him from killing his sister and his niece. There would be no mercy spared for the wicked or the innocent. However long it took, his targets would be eliminated and the woman he had kidnapped would serve a purpose for him as well. It would only take time to train the woman to become what he wanted. Only then would he perhaps allow her to escape. Only then would she be worthy of escape, if he would allow for it.

As the woman's friends screamed for mercy, they were quickly silenced. There was no need to spend time on their deaths. They need only be quick and simple. Their only purpose would be to serve as a sign that he was back and as a way to break his new apprentice. It was a Happy Halloween indeed.

End
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